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### THE GOVERNESS.

BY MRS S. C. HALL.  
PART FIRST.

"Of course I read my advertisement thus:—'Wanted—a governess,'" commenced Mrs Gresham; but before I permit her to read it, I ought to state that she had called upon her sister, Mrs Hylier, to consult concerning this important composition, to be sent that day to the *Morning Post*—Mrs Gresham and Mrs Hylier being both in want of resident governesses to educate their children. A visitor was also there, a Mrs Ryal, confessedly the "most clever woman" of the neighbourhood—an astonishing manager!—but although the ladies desired her advice, they were somewhat in dread of her sarcasm.

Mrs Gresham had again repeated "'Wanted—a governess,'" when an old gentleman, a Mr Byfield, was announced. The trio of wives and mothers looked at each other, as well as to say, "What a bore!"—and then Mrs Hylier rose gracefully from her *chaise longue*, and, smiling sweetly, extended her hand, and welcomed Mr Byfield with exceeding warmth of manner; while Mrs Gresham and Mrs Ryal declared aloud their delight at being so fortunate as to meet a neighbour they had so seldom the pleasure to see.

The party thus assembled were all inhabitants of the bustling yet courtly suburb of Kensington; and Mr Byfield being a rich and influential, though a very eccentric man, was sure of being treated with the distinction which people of small means are too prone to bestow upon those whose means are more extensive.

"Do not let me interrupt you in the least, ladies," said the old man, quietly taking his seat near the window. "Mr Hylier promised I should look over these gems by daylight; and when you have talked your own talk, there will be time enough to talk mine." The ladies, one and all, declared their conviction that his "talk" must be more pleasant and instructive than theirs. He did not deny this, but smiled—shook his head—touched his hat (which he had laid down at his feet), as if to say he would either go or have his own way. And so Mrs Gresham recommenced reading her advertisement—"Wanted—a governess. Any lady possessing a sound English education, a thorough knowledge of the theory and practice of instrumental and vocal music, and a perfect acquaintance with the French, Italian, and German languages; also with the rudiments of Latin."

"Latin!" interrupted Mrs Ryal. "Latin! why, what do you want with Latin for a pack of girls?"

"I thought," answered Mrs Gresham meekly, "that as there are but three girls, Teddy might do his lessons with them for a little while, and that would save the expense of a tutor."

"Oh, very good—very good," replied Mrs Ryal; "then add also, Greek; if the governess is any thing of a classic, you'll get both for the same money."

"Thank you, dear Mrs Ryal; how clever you are! G-r, there are two 'ees' in Greek!—also the rudiments of Latin and Greek."

"I beg your pardon once more," said the provokingly "clever lady;" "but put Greek and Latin, that is the correct way."

"Greek and Latin, and the principles of drawing—if her character will bear the strictest investigation, may hear of a highly respectable situation by applying to Z. P."

"Post paid," again suggested Mrs Ryal.

"Of course," continued Mrs Gresham; "and as the lady will be treated as one of the family, a high salary will not be given."

"Well," said Mrs Ryal, "I think that will do. You have not specified writing and arithmetic."

"English education includes that, does it not?"

"Why, yes; but you have said nothing about the sciences."

"The children are so young."

"But they grow older every day."

"Indeed that is true," observed pretty Mrs Hylier with a sigh, and a glance at the pier-glass. "My Ellen, though only ten, looks thirteen. I wish her papa would let her go to school; but one of his sisters imbibed some odd philosophic notions at school, so that he won't hear of it, but talks about the necessity of putting female seminaries under the superintendence of government, and I really know not what."

"I certainly," observed Mrs Ryal, "will not take a governess into my house again to reside—they are all *exigent*. One was imprudent enough to wish to get married, and expected to come into the drawing-room when there was company of an evening. Another would have a bedroom to herself, though, I am sure, no one could object to sleep in the same room with my own maid. Another—really the world is very depraved—occasioned a painful difference between Mr Ryal and myself; and let that be a warning to you, my dear friends, not to admit any pretty, quiet, sentimental young ladies into your domestic circles. Mr Ryal is a very charming man, and a good man; but men are but men after all, and can be managed by any one who will flatter them a little. Of course, he is a man of the highest honour; but there is no necessity for having a person in the house who plays or sings better than ones-self."

"Oh, my dear Mrs Ryal!" exclaimed both voices, "you need never fear comparison with any one." The jealous lady look pleased, but shook her head. "Well, at last I resolved to be my own governess—with the assistance of a *young person*, who comes daily for three, and sometimes I get four, hours out of her; and she is very reasonable—two guineas a-month, and dines with the children. She is not *all* I could wish; her manners are a little defective, for she is not exactly a lady; her father is a very respectable man, keeps that large butter shop at the corner—I forget—somewhere off Piccadilly—but I prefer it, my dear ladies, I prefer it—she does *all* the drudgery without grumbling. Your officers' and clergymen's daughters, and decayed gentlewomen, why, their high-toned manners—if they never speak a word—prevent one's being quite at ease with them, though they are, after all, only governesses."

"But," suggested Mrs Gresham mildly, "lady-like manners are so very necessary."

"Yes," answered Mrs Ryal, "so they are; for you and I—"

"And children so easily imbibe vulgar habits, that it is really necessary to have a lady with them."

"Well," said Mrs Ryal, with a sneer, "ladies are plenty enough. I daresay you will have fifty answers. What salary do you mean to give?"

Mrs Gresham was a timid but kind-hearted woman, one who desired to do right, but had hardly courage to combat wrong. She was incapable of treating any thing unkindly, but she would be guilty of injustice if justice gave her much trouble; she hesitated, because she required a great deal, and intended to give very little.

"I cannot give more than five-and-twenty pounds a-year to any one," said Mrs Hylier in a decided tone. "My husband says we cannot afford to keep two men-servants and a governess; he wanted me to give the governess seventy, and discharge Thomas; but that was quite impossible; so I have made up my mind: there

are only two girls. No after claps, like my sister Gresham's little 'Teddy'; she can spend every evening in the drawing-room when we are by ourselves—have the keys of the piano and library—amuse herself with my embroidery—go to church in the carriage on Sunday—and drive at least once a-week with the children in the Park. There!" added Mrs Hylier; "I am sure there are hundreds of accomplished women who would jump at such a situation if they knew of it."

"Washing included?" inquired Mrs Ryal.

"No. I think she must pay her own washing, unless there was some great inducement."

"You allow no followers?"

"Oh, certainly not. What can a governess want of friends! Her pupils ought to have all her time."

"God help her!" murmured the old gentleman. The murmur was so indistinct that the ladies only looked at each other, and then Mrs Hylier said, "Did you speak, sir?" There was no answer; the conversation was resumed with a half whisper from one lady to another, that perhaps Mr Byfield was not deaf at all times.

"And what do you intend giving, Mrs Gresham?" questioned Mrs Ryal.

"I have three girls and a boy," she replied; "and I thought of forty."

"It will be impossible to prevent your governess from talking to mine, and then mine will get discontented; that is not fair, Fanny," observed her sister; "say five-and-thirty, allowing for the difference of number."

"And plenty, I call it," said Mrs Ryal. "What do they want but clothes! They never lay by for a rainy day. There are hundreds—yes, of well-born and well-bred ladies—who would be glad of such situations."

"I am sorry for it," said the old gentleman, rising and advancing to where the three Kensington wives were seated; "I am very sorry for it."

"Indeed, Mr Byfield! why, we shall have the better choice."

"Forgive me, ladies, for saying so—but still more am I grieved at that. Permit me to read your advertisement."

Mrs Gresham coloured; Mrs Hylier had sufficient command over herself not to appear annoyed; but Mrs Ryal, the oracle of a *clique*, the "clever woman," who had, by the dint of self-esteem and effrontery, established a reputation of intellectual superiority over those who were either too indolent or too ignorant to question her authority, evinced her displeasure by throwing herself back in her chair, loosening the tie of her bonnet, and dressing her lips in one of those supercilious smiles that would mar the beauty of an angel.

"Wanted, a governess," read the old gentleman, who frequently interrupted himself to make the following observations:—"Any lady possessing a sound English education—that in itself is no easy thing to attain—a thorough knowledge of the theory and practice of vocal and instrumental music—a thorough knowledge of the theory and practice of either the one or the other requires the labour of a *man's* life, my good ladies—and a perfect acquaintance with the French, Italian, and German languages—how very useless and absurd to found professorships of modern languages in our new colleges, when, in addition to the musical knowledge that would create a composer, a single person, a young female, can be found possessed of a 'perfect acquaintance' with French, Italian, and German! Oh, wonderful age!—also, the rudiments of Greek and Latin—may hear of a highly respectable situation by applying to Z. P., post paid, Post-Office, Kensington." Much as you

expect in the way of acquirements and accomplishments, ladies," continued the critic, still retaining fast hold of poor Mrs Gresham's composition, "you have not demanded a great deal on the score of religion or morality—neither are mentioned in your list of requisites."

"Oh!" exclaimed Mrs Hylier, "they are taken for granted. No one would think of engaging a governess that was not moral and all that sort of thing, which are always matters of course."

"To be sure they are," added Mrs Ryal, in that peremptory tone which seemed to say, Do you dare to question my opinion! "To be sure they are; every one knows that nothing can be more determined with respect to religion and morality than my practice with my children. Rain, hail, or sunshine, well or ill, the governess must be in the house before the clock strikes nine. Psalms read the first thing; and if they have not got well through the French verbs, a chapter besides for punishment; catechism, Wednesdays and Fridays; and the collect, epistle, and gospel, by heart, every Sunday after church. I always do two things at once, when I can, and this strengthens their memory, and teaches them religion at the same time. I never questioned my governess as to religion; it looks narrow-minded; and yet *mine* never dreams of objecting to what I desire."

"I should think not," was Mr Byfield's quiet rejoinder; "strange ideas your children will entertain of the religion that is rendered a punishment instead of a reward."

Mrs Ryal grasped the tassel of her muff, but made no reply.

"Oh," he continued, "here is the pith in a postscript—'As the lady will be treated as one of the family, a high salary will not be given.' Ladies!" exclaimed the old man, "do you not blush at this! You ask for the fruits of an education that, if it be half what you demand, must have cost the governess the labour of a life, and her friends many hundred pounds. It is your DUTY to treat the person who is capable of bestowing upon your children the greatest of earthly blessings as one of your family; and yet you make the doing so a reason for abridging a stipend, which, if stretched to the utmost of what governesses receive, pays a wretched interest for both time and money. Shame, ladies, shame!"

The ladies looked at each other, and at last Mrs Hylier said, "Really, sir, I do not see it at all in the light in which you put it. I know numberless instances where they are glad to come for less."

Tears came into Mrs Gresham's eyes, and Mrs Ryal kicked the ottoman violently.

"The more's the pity," continued Mr Byfield; "but I hold it to be a principle of English honesty to pay for value received, and of English honour not to take advantage of distress."

"Suppose we cannot afford it, sir—am I to do without a governess for my children because my husband cannot pay to one sixty or seventy pounds a year?"

"But you said just now, madam, that Mr Hylier wished you to pay that sum."

"Yes," stammered the fair economist, "if—if!"

"If you could manage with one footman," said the old gentleman, "instead of two. In my young days, my wife, who had but one child, and we were poor, said to me—'Joseph, our girl is growing up without education, and I cannot teach, for I never learned, but we must send her to school.' I answered that we could not afford it. 'Oh, yes, we can,' she said; 'I will discharge our servant; I will curtail our expenses in every way, because I am resolved that she shall be well educated, and honestly paid for.' It never occurred to that right-minded yet simple-hearted woman to propose lower terms to a governess, but she proposed less indulgence to herself. Thus she rendered justice. She would have worked her fingers to the bone sooner than have bargained for intellect. Ay, Mrs Ryal, you may laugh; but of all meannesses, the meanest is that which depreciates mind, and having no power but that which proceeds from a full purse, insults the indigence which has more of the immaterial world beneath its russet gown than your wealth can purchase."

"My wealth!" exclaimed the offended lady; "your wealth, if you please; but though your wealth, and your oddity, and your altogether, may awe some people, it can have no effect upon me, Mr Byfield—none in the world; every one says you are a strange creature."

"My dear Mrs Ryal," said Mrs Hylier, "you positively must not grow angry with our dear friend, Mr Byfield; he does not mean half what he says."

"I beg your pardon," interrupted the eccentric old gentleman; "I mean a great deal more. I only wish I had the means of sending forth to the world my opinion as to the inestimable value of domestic education for females. I would have every woman educated within the sanctuary of her own home. I would not loosen the smallest fibre of the affection which binds her to her father's house; it should be at once her altar and her throne; but as it is a blessing which circumstances prevent many from enjoying, I would command the legislature of this mighty country to devise some means for the better ordering and investigation of 'ladies' boarding-schools.' To set up an establishment for young ladies is very often the last resource for characterless women, and persons who, failing in every thing else, resort to that as a means of subsistence; whereas such should be under the closest superintendence of high-minded and right-thinking gentlemen. I look upon the blue-boarded and brass-plated schools that swarm in our suburbs," he added, as he turned away to hide an emotion he could not control—"I look upon them as the very charnel-houses of morality."

Mrs Ryal elevated her eyebrows, and shrugged her shoulders, while the gentle Mrs Gresham whispered her

"not to mind; that Mr Byfield was half mad on the subject of schools."

"Ladies," said the old man, apparently recovered from his agitation, and in his usually quiet, calm, yet harshly-toned voice; "ladies, you are, in different degrees, all women of the world; you live with it, and for it, and you are of it; but you are also mothers. And though your Ellen, Mrs Hylier, does grow so fast as almost to overtake her mother's beauty, and you, Mrs Ryal, stand in open defiance of vulgar contagion, because you fear a rival in a well-bred governess, and get more time out of your daily labourer than you would expect from your milliner for the same money; and you, Mrs Gresham—but I cannot say to you more than that you all love your children—some more, some less. Still, according to your natures, you all love them dearly. So did I mine. My child was all the world to me. I told you what her poor mother did for her improvement—the sacrifice she made. But though we had the longing to secure for her every advantage, we had no skill as to the means of obtaining the knowledge we so desired her to possess. We placed her at a 'first-rate school,' as it was called, and thought we had done our duty; but this going from her home loosened the cords of love that bound her to us. And when a sudden stroke of good fortune converted a poor into a rich man, and we brought our child to a splendid house, we found that our daughter's morals had become corrupted through the means of her companions—an evil the most difficult of all for a governess to prevent—and that she had imbibed moral poison with her mental food." The old gentleman became so agitated, that he could not proceed; and angry as the ladies had been with him a few moments before for a plain-speaking which amounted to rudeness, they could not avoid sympathising with his feelings.

"But we are not going to send our children to a school," suggested Mrs Gresham.

"I know that, madam," he replied; "but I want to convince you, by comparison, of the blessings that await the power of cultivating both the intellect and the affections under your own roof, and so argue you into the necessity for paying honestly, if not liberally, the woman upon the faithful discharge of whose duties depends the future happiness or misery of those dear ones whom you have brought into the world. It is now twenty-two years since I saw that daughter; I shall never see her again in this world; I thought I had strength to tell you the story, painful as it is, but I have not. I would have done so, in the hope that I might have shown you how valuable, past all others, are the services rendered by a worthy and upright woman when entrusted with the education of youth; but when I think of my lost child, I forget every thing else. She stands before me as I speak. My blue-eyed lovely one! all innocence and truth—the light, and life, and love of that small four-roomed cottage; and then she loved me truly and dearly; and there again she is—most beautiful, but cankered at the heart, fair, and frail! Lay your children in their graves, and ring the joy-bells over them sooner than intrust them to the whirling pestilence of a large school, or the care of a cheap governess!"

"He certainly is mad," whispered Mrs Ryal to Mrs Hylier, while the old gentleman, folding his hands one within the other, walked up and down the room, his thoughts evidently far away from the three wives, who were truly, as he said, "mere women of the world." And yet he was right—they all loved their children, but it was after their own fashion; Mrs Gresham with the most tenderness—she wished them to be good and happy; Mrs Hylier's affection was mingled with a strong desire that they might continue in a state of innocence as long as possible, and not grow too fast. Mrs Ryal had none of that weakness; she did not care a bit whether she were considered old or young, as long as she was obeyed; so she determined her girls should have as little of what is called heart as possible, that they might be free to accept the best offers when they were made. She was continually contrasting riches and poverty. All the rich were angels, and all the poor thieves; there were no exceptions; those who married according to their parent's wishes rode in carriages, with two tall footmen behind each; those who married for love walked a-foot with dragged tails, and died in a workhouse. Of all the women in Kensington, Mr Byfield disliked Mrs Ryal the most, and seeing her at Mrs Hylier's had irritated him more than he cared to confess even to himself. Mrs Ryal entertained a corresponding animosity towards Mr Byfield; she had resolved, come what would, to "sit him out;" but she was afraid, if she remained much longer, that Miss Stack, the daily governess, whose mother was ill, might go a few minutes before her time was up, and she had more than once caught her shaking the hour-glass—so much for the honesty of one party and the consideration of the other; she knew perfectly well that as soon as she was gone, she would be abused "by the old monster;" for she was aware that, if he had gone, it would have given her extreme pleasure and satisfaction to abuse him. The old gentleman had not spoken for several minutes, but continued to walk up and down, pausing every now and then to look at her over his spectacles, as well as to inquire, "when do you mean to take your departure?" Mrs Ryal was too exalted to notice this; but, after consideration, she rose with much dignity, shook hands with her two "dear friends," dropped a most exaggerated curtsy to Mr Byfield, who, the moment she was out of the room, threw himself into an easy chair, and drew a lengthened inspiration, which said plainly enough, "Thank heaven, she is gone!"

"And now, ladies," he exclaimed, "finding that you want a governess, I want to recommend one—not to you, Mrs Gresham; notwithstanding 'little Teddy,' she would be too happy with you. I should wish her to live with you, Mrs Hylier."

"With me, sir? Why, after the censure you have passed upon us both, I should hardly think you would recommend us a dog, much less a governess."

"I expect you will treat your governess hardly as well as I treat my dog," was the ungracious reply.

"Really, Mr Byfield!"

"Faha, lady!" interrupted the strange old man; "no

words about it; I have not been so long your opposite neighbour without knowing that your last governess did not sit at your table; that when you had the hot, she had the cold; that when a visitor came, she went; that she was treated as a creature belonging to an intermediate state of society, which has never been defined or illustrated—being too high for the kitchen, too low for the parlour; that she was to govern her temper towards those who never governed their tempers towards her; that she was to cultivate intellect, yet sit silent as a fool; that she was to instruct in all accomplishments, which she must know and feel, yet never play any thing in society except quadrilles, because she played so well that she might eclipse the young ladies who, not being governesses, play for husbands, while she only plays for bread! My good madam, I know almost every governess who enters Kensington by sight; the daily ones by their early hours, cotton umbrellas, and the cowed, dejected air with which they raise the knocker, uncertain how to let it fall. Do I not know the musical ones by the worn-out bos doubled round their throats, and the roll of new music clasped in the thinly gloved hand?—and the drawing ones—God help them—by the small portfolio, pallid cheeks, and haggard eyes? I could tell you tales of those hard-labouring classes that would make factory labour seem a toy; but you would not understand me, though you can understand that you want a governess, and you can also understand that I, Joseph Byfield, hope you will take one of my recommending."

The sisters looked at each other, as well as to say, "What shall we do?"

Mrs Hylier assumed a cheerful, careless air, and replied—"Well, sir, who is your governess?"

"Who she exactly is, Mrs Hylier, I will not tell you; and she does not know, though she imagines she does, what she is. I will tell you. She is handsome, without the consciousness of beauty—accomplished, without affectation—gentle, without being inanimate—and I should suppose patient; for she has been a teacher in a school, as well as in what is called a private family; but I want to see her patience tested."

"Is she a good musician?"

"Better than most women."

"And a good artist?"

"That was not in the bond; but she does confound perspective, and distort the human body as perfectly as most teachers of 'the art that can immortalise!'"

"My dear sir!"

"Ay, ay; half a dozen chalk heads—a few tawdry landscapes, with the lights scratched out, and the shadows rubbed in—a bunch of flowers on velvet, and a bundle of handkerchiefs!"

"My dear sir," interrupted Mrs Hylier, "these sort of things would not suit my daughters; what they do must be artistic."

"Then get an artist to teach them; you go upon the principle of expecting Hertz to paint like Eastlake, and Eastlake to play like Hertz. Madam, she is a well-informed, prudent, intelligent gentlewoman; feeling and understanding well; consequently doing nothing ill, because she will not attempt what she cannot accomplish. She will not undertake to finish (that's the term, I think) pupils in either music or drawing, but she will do her best; and as she has resided abroad, I am told (for I hate every language except my own) she is a good linguist; and I will answer for her accepting the five-and-twenty pounds a-year."

"Very desirable, no doubt," muttered Mrs Hylier, unwilling, for sundry reasons of great import connected with her husband, to displease Mr Byfield, and yet most unwilling to receive into her family a person whom, judging of others by herself, she imagined must be a spy upon her ménage.

"I knew you would so consider any one I recommended," said the old gentleman with a smile, that evinced the consciousness of power; and when shall the 'young person' (that is the phrase, is it not?)—when shall she come?"

"I think I should like to see her first," answered the lady, hesitating.

"Very good; but to what purpose? you know you will take her?"

"Any thing to oblige you, my dear sir; but has she no female friend?"

"Some one of you ladies said a few moments ago that a governess had no need of friends."

"You are aware, Mr Byfield, it is usual upon such occasions to consult the lady the governess resided with last; it is usual; I do not want to insist upon it, because I am sure you understand exactly what I require."

"Indeed, madam, I do not pretend to such extensive information; I know, I think, what you ought to require, that is all. However, if you wish, you shall have references besides mine," and Mr Byfield looked harder and stiffer than ever. He walked up to a small water-colour drawing that hung above a little table, and contemplated it, twirling his cane about in a half circle all the time. The subject was ugly enough to look at—a long chimney emitting a column of dense smoke like a steamer, and a slated building stuck on one side, being a view of the "Achilles saw mills," which Mr Hylier had lately purchased, a considerable portion of the purchase-money having been advanced by Mr Byfield.

"No matter how odd, how rude, how incomprehensible our old neighbour is, Caroline," Mr Hylier had said to his wife only that morning; "no matter what he does, or says, or fancies; if you contradict or annoy him, it will be my ruin."

Her husband's words were forcibly recalled to her by the attitude and look of the old gentleman, and she answered—"Oh, dear no, sir, not at all; one cannot help anxiety on such a subject; and I must only endeavour to make the lady comfortable, and all that sort of thing, although I fear she may complain to you of!"

"No, no, madam," he interrupted; "I do not desire her to be treated in any way better than your former governess; I wish to see how she bears the rubs of life; I particularly request that no change whatever be made in her favour; if I wished her to be quiet and comfortable, I



should have sent her to my gentle little friend Mrs Gresham."

"Mrs Hylier bit her lip. "Good morning, ladies; when shall Miss Dawson—her name is Emily Dawson—when shall she come?"

"When you please, sir."

"To-morrow, then, at twelve."

He shut the door; Mrs Gresham rang the bell; and Mrs Hylier, in a weak fit of uncontrollable vexation, burst into tears.

"Did you ever know such a savage?" exclaimed Mrs Gresham.

"I am sure you have no reason to complain—if it was not for the hold he has over Hylier!"

"I wonder if she is any relation of his?" said Mrs Gresham, who was a little given to romance.

"Not she, indeed; he is as proud as Lucifer, and has money enough to enable him to live in a palace."

"Could it be possible that he intends to marry," suggested Mrs Gresham.

"Marry, indeed; would any man that could prevent it, permit the woman he intended to marry to be a governess? No. I'll trouble my head no more about it; let her come; one is pretty much the same as another; the only thing that really gives me pain is, that Mrs Ryal should have heard so much of it; she's a regular bell-woman; likes to have the earliest information of whatever goes on in the world, so as to be the first to set it going. She was the means of the dismissal of five governesses only last winter, and there is no end to the matches of her breaking. She will declare the girl is—God knows what—if she finds all out."

"Well," said Mrs Gresham, musingly, "after all, it is very odd; only fancy Mr Byfield taking an interest in a governess at all. Still, I must insert my advertisement, and I think I might substitute dancing for Greek; they are about equally useful, and one must not be too unreasonable."

"Very considerate and good of you, Fanny," said her sister; "but believe me, the more you require the more you will get; and I am not sure that Mrs Ryal was wrong about the sciences; every day something fresh starts up that no one ever heard of before, and one must be able to talk about it; it is really very fatiguing to keep up with all the new things, and somehow I do not think the credit one gets by the knowledge is half enough to repay one for the labour."

"Mr Gresham says the whole system, or, as he calls it, no system, of female education is wrong."

"My dear Fanny, how absurd you are! What can men possibly know of female education? There is my husband, a worthy man as ever lived, and yet he will tell you that the whole object of female education should be to make women—now only imagine what?"

"I am sure I do not know."

"Why, good wives and mothers."

Both ladies laughed, and then Mrs Hylier exclaimed, "to think of my taking any one into my house under such circumstances! But at all events, I must prepare the children for their new governess."

#### POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE.

##### INFLUENCE OF COLOUR ON HEAT AND ODOUR.

THE comparative susceptibility of heat shown by bodies coloured in a certain manner, has been familiar to the scientific world since the days of Franklin, who made some ingenious experiments to ascertain the point, by marking the effect of sunshine upon various patches of snow covered by pieces of cloth variously coloured. Sir Humphry Davy also experimented on this subject; but the inquiry was never followed out to definite results, until it fell into the hands of Dr James Stark of Edinburgh. The experiments made by this gentleman, as detailed by him in a paper communicated in 1833 to the Royal Society, are of a remarkably interesting as well as satisfactory nature.

Dr Stark wrapped the bottom of a thermometer in black wool, and sunk it in a glass tube, which he then immersed in water heated to 170 degrees Fahrenheit. He repeated the experiment successively with dark green, scarlet, and white wool, the object being to see with what comparative rapidity the heat of the water would affect the thermometer through the various kinds of wool. The thermometer attained to an equality with the heat of the water in considerably different spaces of time: in the case of the black wool in 4½ minutes, the dark green in 5 minutes, the scarlet in 5½ minutes, and the white in 8 minutes—the advance towards the highest point being in each case, as might be expected, gradual and proportionate. In some other experiments, varied as to the mode and the substances used, similar results were obtained—the susceptibility being always greatest in the black, next less in the green, next less in the scarlet, and least of all in the white. These results were strictly conformable to those found by both Franklin and Davy, who give the following list of colours, in the order of their various degrees of susceptibility of heat—black, deep blue, lighter blue, green, purple, red, yellow, white.\*

Dr Stark proceeded to investigate more strictly than had formerly been done the effect of colour on the radiating powers of bodies. Radiation of heat, the unscientific reader will observe, is the reverse of absorption of heat. A body which absorbs heat readily, will be warm while the heat continues to operate upon it; a body which radiates heat readily, tends quickly to become cold. The heat in the one case leaves the body slowly, in the other rapidly. It becomes, of course, of importance to ascertain if bodies which receive or absorb heat readily, also give it out or radiate it readily.

On this point Count Rumford made experiments which settled the question in the affirmative; or, what is the same thing, he ascertained "that those substances which part with heat with the greatest facility or celerity, are those which acquire it most readily, or with the greatest celerity." \* Dr Stark was curious to learn if this doctrine held good with those variously coloured bodies, which he had ascertained to be absorptive in proportion to the intensity of their colours. Reversing the former experiments, he found black wool fall from 180 to 50 degrees Fahrenheit in 21 minutes, red wool in 26, and white in 27 minutes. He coloured wheat flour, and found black descend through the same range in 9½ minutes, brown in 11, yellow in 12, and white in 12½ minutes. The same results were found with the ball of an air-thermometer variously coloured; so that he considered himself as having demonstrated that "differently coloured substances possess a specific influence on the absorption of heat or caloric, both luminous and non-luminous; and that they give off their caloric in the same ratio as they absorb it."

Dr Stark's remarks on this conclusion are of great value. "The demonstration," he says, "of the influence of colour on the absorption and radiation of caloric, may tend to open up new views of the economy of nature, and perhaps suggest useful improvements in the management and adaptation of heat. Dr Franklin, who never lost sight of practical utility in his scientific investigations, from the result of his experiments with coloured cloths on the absorption of heat, drew the conclusion, 'that black clothes are not so fit to wear in a hot sunny climate or season as white ones, because in such clothes the body is more heated by the sun when we walk abroad, and is at the same time heated by the exercise; which double heat is apt to bring on putrid dangerous fevers; that soldiers and seamen in tropical climates should have a white uniform; that white hats should be generally worn in summer; and that garden walls for fruit-trees would absorb more heat from being blackened.'

Count Rumford and Sir Everard Home, on the contrary, come to a conclusion entirely the reverse of this. The count asserts, that if he were called upon to live in a very warm climate, he would blacken his skin or wear a black shirt; and Sir Everard, from direct experiments on himself and on a negro's skin, lays it down as evident, 'that the power of the sun's rays to scorch the skins of animals is destroyed when applied to a dark surface, although the absolute heat, in consequence of the absorption of the rays, is greater.' Sir Humphry Davy explains this fact by saying, 'that the radiant heat in the sun's rays is converted into sensible heat.' With all deference to the opinion of this great man, it by no means explains why the surface of the skin was kept comparatively cool. From the result of the experiments detailed, it is evident, that if a black surface absorbs caloric in greatest quantity, it also gives it out in the same proportion; and thus a circulation of heat is, as it were, established, calculated to promote the insensible perspiration, and to keep the body cool. This view is confirmed by the observed fact of the stronger odour exhaled by the bodies of black people.

The different shades of colour by which races of men inhabiting different climates are distinguished, equally possess, there is reason to believe, the quality of modifying the individual temperature, and keeping it at the proper mean. This adaptation of colour may perhaps be traced in the inhabitants of every degree of latitude, and be found to correspond with the causes which limit the range of plants and animals. The effect of exposure to the sun in our own country in warm seasons, is temporarily to change the colour of the parts submitted to its influence, and to render them less susceptible of injury from the heating rays.

The influence of colour as modifying the effects of heat, is also strikingly illustrated in other classes of the animal kingdom. The quadrupeds, for instance, which pass the winter in northern latitudes, besides the additional protection from cold they receive in the growth of downy fur, change their colour on the approach of the cold season. The furs of various hues which form their summer dress are thrown off, and a white covering takes its place. Hence the white foxes, the white hares, and the ermine of the arctic regions. Even in more temperate climates, and in our own country, the hare in severe winters often acquires a white fur; and the stoat, or ermine, is found with its summer dress more or less exchanged for a winter clothing of pure white. Some writers on natural history state these changes as means of protection to the animals from their enemies, by assimilating their colour to the winter snow. Without denying that this may be one cause for the periodical change of colour, I am rather disposed to consider it as accommodating the animal to the changes of season it undergoes. The white winter coating, as is evident from the experiments detailed, does not throw off heat so rapidly as any of the other colours; and hence its use in preserving the animal temperature.

The feathered tribes which inhabit northern latitudes afford still more remarkable instances of the adaptation of colour to the changes of temperature. The summer dress of many families is so different from their winter plumage, as to have led many ornithologists to multiply species, as the animal was described in its winter or summer plumage. The ptarmigan is a familiar example. Mr Selby remarks,

that 'the black deep ochreous yellow plumage of the ptarmigan in spring and summer gradually gives place to a greyish white; the black spots become broken, and assume the appearance of zig-zag lines and specks. These, again, as the season advances, give place to the pure immaculate plumage which distinguishes both sexes in winter.'

The display of colours in the plumage of the birds of tropical climates is also in strict accordance with the observed facts of the influence of colour over the absorption and radiation of heat. The metallic reflections and polished surface of the whole family of humming-birds are admirably suited to their habits; and the colours of the wings of the Lepidoptera, in the class of insects, there is little doubt, serve some similar purpose, in maintaining the temperature of the animals at the proper mean. In proportion to the diminution of temperature and the distance from the equator, a corresponding dilution of colour in animals takes place, till in temperate countries it is almost uniformly of a sober grey. In the arctic regions, all colour except white and black disappears—modifications of which, with very little variety of other colours, form the summer and winter clothing of most of the northern tribes of birds.

In the vegetable kingdom, I am disposed to believe that the colours of the petals of flowers serve some useful purpose in regard to preserving the temperature of the parts necessary for reproduction at the proper mean, and that the varied pencilling of nature has thus an object beyond merely pleasing the eye. In this view, the quality of colour, so widely extended, and so varied and blended in every class of natural bodies, acquires a further interest in addition to its ministering to the pleasures of sight, and affords a new instance of that benevolence and wisdom by which all the arrangements of matter are calculated to excite and gratify the mind directed to their investigation.

Even in the inorganic portion of nature, and in northern climates, the portion of heat imbibed by the soil during a short summer, is prevented from escaping by the covering of snow which falls in the beginning of winter; and thus the temperature necessary for the scanty vegetation is kept up. By this white covering, vegetables are enabled to sustain a lengthened torpidity, without suffering from the injurious effects of frost; and the ground is preserved from partial alternations of temperature, till the influence of the sun at once converts the northern winter into summer, without the intervention of spring.

In his investigations of the effect of colours in causing bodies to be more susceptible of odours, Dr Stark had much less aid from the inquiries of preceding philosophers. His attention being drawn to the subject by accident, he began a course of experiments, by putting a small quantity of black wool (ten grains), and an equal of white wool, into a close vessel beside some camphor—also similar quantities of each into a close drawer beside assafetida—and found in both cases that the black had palpably become the most odorous. He repeated the experiment with cotton wool, and found the same result. Other experiments, in which red was introduced, gave to it, as far as the ordinary sense could judge, a medium degree of odorousness. Afterwards, he experimented with a variety of colours, and found the degrees of odorousness to be in the following order—black, blue, red, green, yellow, and white, which is nearly the order in Franklin's experiments respecting the heat-absorbing powers of bodies. He then tried black and white wool against black and white cotton, and found the black wool more odorous than the black cotton, and the white wool than the white cotton. It is to be observed, that he called in the senses of many persons to test the degrees of odorousness in all these experiments; yet, as no exact knowledge could be thus attained, he became "desirous that, if possible, at least one experiment should be devised, which would show, by the evidence of actual increase of weight, that one colour invariably attracted more of any odorous substance than another." "Upon considering," he adds, "the various odorous substances which could be easily volatilised without change, and whose odour was inseparable from the substance, I fixed upon camphor as the one best suited to my purpose. In an experiment of this nature, it was necessary that the camphor should be volatilised or converted into vapour, and that the coloured substances should be so placed as to come in contact with the camphor while in that state. It was therefore of the first importance to prevent currents of air within the vessel in which the experiment was conducted; and with this view I used a funnel-shaped vessel of tin plate, open at the top and bottom. This rested on a plate of sheet iron, in the centre of which the camphor to be volatilised was placed. The coloured substances, after being accurately weighed, were supported on a bent wire, and introduced through the upper aperture. This was then covered over with a plate of glass. Heat was now applied gently to volatilise the camphor; and when the heat was withdrawn and the apparatus cool, the coloured substances were again accurately weighed, and the difference in weight noted down."

Proceeding in this manner, Dr Stark went over all his former experiments, and invariably found an increase of weight, to a small but scientifically appreciable extent, in proportion to the depth of colour, and more in wool than in cotton, and more in silk than either.

\* To speak precisely, Davy omits the lighter blue and purple from the series.

\* Philosophical Transactions, 1804, p. 95.



Of the select experiments which he details, we cannot give even a selection; but, by way of specimen, we may mention that he found white, red, and black wool increased in weight respectively  $\frac{1}{10}$ ,  $\frac{1}{10}$ , and  $\frac{1}{10}$  grains, and white cotton increased  $\frac{2}{10}$ , white wool  $\frac{2}{10}$ , and white silk  $\frac{3}{10}$  grains. "The general conclusion would appear to be, that animal substances have a greater attraction for odours than vegetable matters; and that all these have their power much increased by their greater darkness or intensity of colour. These experiments seem also to establish, that the absorption of odours by coloured substances is regulated by the same law which governs the absorption of light and heat. The analogy goes still further; for in other experiments made with a view to ascertain this point, I invariably found that the power of colour in radiating or giving out odours, was in strict relation to the radiation of heat in similar circumstances." Dr Stark also experimented on this point with equally satisfactory results. For example, he "took pieces of card, coloured, as before, black, dark-blue, brown, orange-red, and white, and after having exposed them to the vapour of camphor, in the usual manner, they were taken out of the vessel, weighed, and left in the apartment for twenty-four hours. Upon carefully re-weighing the cards at the end of this period, it was found that the black had lost one grain; the blue nearly as much; the brown  $\frac{1}{10}$ th of a grain; the red  $\frac{1}{10}$ th; and the white  $\frac{1}{10}$ th of a grain. In about six hours after this, the black and blue had completely lost their camphor; the brown and red had the merest trace, inappreciable to a delicate balance; while the white still retained about  $\frac{1}{10}$ th of a grain."

It will readily occur to many minds, that these experiments afford grounds for some practical procedure with respect to the noxious emanations producing infection. It must appear likely that a white dress of cotton is the one in which a person could most safely go into an infected place. In fact, the Turkish quarantine regulations proceed upon this assumption in part, woollen clothes being held by them as in a higher degree dangerous than those composed of cotton. Dr Stark thinks it not unlikely that, amongst the measures taken to avert cholera in this country, the white-washing of houses was the most efficacious. Fumigations, he remarks, could only have a temporary influence; but "white-washing, although it had no specific effect on the contagious effluvia, yet, by constantly presenting a reflecting surface, prevented the absorption of the emanations by the walls, and thus tended, with moderate ventilation, to keep the air of the apartments pure. Dirty dark-coloured walls, on the contrary, would readily, as has been demonstrated, absorb noxious odours, and, as soon as the effect of fumigation was over, gradually give them out again."

"Next, therefore," he adds, "to keeping the walls of hospitals, prisons, or apartments occupied by a number of individuals, of a white colour, I should suggest that the bedsteads, tables, and seats, should be painted white, and that the dress of the nurses and hospital-attendants should be of a light colour. A regulation of this kind would possess the double advantage of enabling cleanliness to be enforced, at the same time that it presented the least absorbent surface to the emanations of disease."

On the same principle, it would appear that physicians and others, by dressing in black, have unluckily chosen the colour of all others most absorbent of odorous exhalations, and of course the most dangerous to themselves and patients. Facts have been mentioned which make it next to certain that contagious disease may be communicated to a third person through the medium of one who has been exposed to contagion, but himself not affected; and, indeed, the circumstance of infectious effluvia being capable of being carried by medical men from one patient to another, I should conceive one of the means by which such diseases are often propagated, in the ill-ventilated and dirty habitations of the poor exposed to their influence."

#### VALUE OF STATISTICAL REGISTERS.

A faithful register of births, marriages, and deaths, is wished for by enlightened philanthropists of all advanced countries, far more as a test of national morals and the national welfare, than as a matter of the highest social convenience. For this the physiologist waits as the means of determining the physical condition of the nation; as a guide to him in suggesting and prescribing the methods by which the national health may be improved, and the average of life prolonged. For this the legislator waits as the means of determining the comparative proneness of the people to certain kinds of social offences, and the causes of that proneness; that the law may be framed so as to include (as all wise laws should include) the largest preventive influence with the greatest certainty of retribution. For this the philanthropist waits, as a guide to him in forming his scheme of universal education; and without this—without knowing how many need education altogether—how many under one set of circumstances, and how many under another—he can proceed only in darkness, or amidst the delusions of false lights. He is only perplexed by the partial knowledge, which is all that his utmost efforts enable him to obtain. The comparative ages of the dead will indicate to him not only the amount of health, but the comparative force of various species of disease; and from the character of its diseases, and the amount of its health, much of the moral state of a people may be safely pronounced upon. The proportion of marriages to births

and deaths is always an indication of the degree of comfort enjoyed, and of the consequent purity of morals; and, therefore, of the degree in which education is present or needed. A large number of children, and a large proportion of marriages, indicate physical and moral welfare, and therefore a comparative prevalence of education. A large number of births, and a small proportion of marriages, indicate the reverse. When these circumstances are taken in connexion with the prevailing occupations of the district to which they relate, the philanthropist has arrived at a sufficient certainty as to the means of education required, and the method in which they are to be applied.—Miss Martineau's "How to Observe."

[We add to the above, that England now possesses an admirable system of registration, such as is here pointed out. Scotland, however, is still without any national arrangements on the subject. Parishes possess registers of baptisms, but not of births; registers of proclamations of marriages, but not of the solemnisation of marriages; registers of burials, but not of deaths. In such a disgracefully loose state of affairs, the statistics of births, marriages, deaths, calculations as to public health, and many other matters equally useful, cannot possibly be made up.]

#### A FEW WEEKS ON THE CONTINENT.

MORAT—LAUSANNE.

I MUST now invite the reader to accompany us in our excursion from Berne to Morat—a place off the usual route of tourists, as the country in this quarter has little to boast of in the form of romantic scenery, but which I preferred taking to any other on the way to Lausanne, for the purpose of visiting what has for several centuries been one of the chief historical scenes of Switzerland.

Our journey lay in a south-westerly direction from Berne, through a generally well-cultured district, with substantial farm-houses, neatly kept enclosures, and roads as excellent as are to be found in any part of the world. On all sides were evidences of harvest having been gathered into the barns; the clanking sound of the flail, though perhaps not what would have called forth the admiration of our political economists, came at intervals pleasingly on the ear, as an evidence of rural wealth and industry; and on the open slopes, shone upon by a bright morning sun, men, women, and children, were busily preparing the ground for new crops of grain. Early in the forenoon we crossed the Sarine, a large tributary of the Aar, by an old-fashioned wooden bridge, and shortly afterwards entered the canton of Freyburg. An hour later brought us to the ancient little town of Morat, a kind of rude imitation of Berne on a small scale, with arcades beneath the houses. From sundry appearances, however, we were glad to see that the spirit of improvement had reached the place; the gates had been removed, the fosse filled up, and various parts of the old walls, which had done duty in more troublous times, were taken down.

Morat stands close upon the eastern margin of a lake of the same name, the opposite shore of which is a low hill, separating it from the Lake of Neuchâtel, and terminating in a morass on the north. The scenery, comparing it with other parts of the country, is altogether spiritless, and the sole interest is derived from historical associations; for on the unromantic banks of this sheet of water took place the greatest of the martial achievements which contributed to secure Swiss independence. The previous efforts to rid the country of its intruders had been directed principally against the dukes of Austria; on this occasion, the mountaineers were called on to battle with a new and still more audacious foe, Duke Charles of Burgundy, who, on the plea that they were allies of Louis XI. of France, desired to bring them to that kind of subjection to which he had already reduced the rebellious Liegeois. This infamous encroachment on the rights of a people with whom he had no proper concern, was made in the year 1476; and never, in the whole annals of human strife, was an invader so justly punished. The war commenced by an attack on the small fortified town of Grandson, situated near the southern extremity of the Lake of Neuchâtel, which having captured, he put its 800 defenders to death, by causing them to be stripped and hung upon the trees of the neighbouring forest. In two days later, was fought the famous battle of Grandson, in which the confederated army of Swiss, by adroitly hemming in the Burgundians close upon the lake, and attacking them from the lower slopes of the Jura, completely defeated them, with an immense slaughter. Charles left 50,000 men, and all his valuable equipage, behind him, and fled through the mountains with only a few personal followers. Arrived at Nozeroy, and writhing under the humiliation of so signal a defeat, he gave

himself up to despair, saw no one, drank deeply in solitude, and became almost insane. At length, however, he regained his activity, and meditating solely on vengeance, he re-assembled at Lausanne an army of upwards of 40,000 men, with which he advanced upon Morat.

It was the scene of the extraordinary exploit which occurred on this occasion, that we had now come hither to examine.

The battle-field of Morat lies at the distance of rather more than an English mile south from the town, and we proceeded towards it by the high road to Freyburg, with the wide-expanded waters of the lake on our right, and a fine sloping hill partitioned into well-cultivated fields, and ornamented with trees and cottages, on our left. It was on the face of this now tranquil upland, from its summit to the edge of the lake, that the heat of the conflict took place. With our backs towards the town, and in front the line of country through which Charles's forces were marched forward to their well-merited doom, we could easily picture the details of this celebrated encounter, of which I shall allow the Swiss historian, Zschokke, to give his short and pithy account. Speaking of the defence offered by Morat to the progress of the Burgundians, he observes—"Adrian de Bubenbergh, with 600 soldiers, and the inhabitants of the town, made a still more obstinate and effectual resistance than had been done by the defenders of Grandson. Whilst the duke thus found himself arrested in his course, the confederates and their friends once more collected their forces. Morat was by this time in imminent danger. Breaches had been made in the walls and towers, and the rampart had given way; but the courage of Bubenbergh, and the heroes commanded by him, remained unshaken, and they held out firmly until they beheld the arrival, from all sides, of the confederates and their allies from Bienne, Alsace, Basil, St Gall, and Schaffhausen. These were the first to come forward. Upon their steps, in spite of the inclement weather and the bad roads, marched in haste the men of Zurich, Thurgovie, Argovie, and Sargans. John Waldmann, leader of the Zurichois, arrived at Berne on the eve before the battle, and granted to his jaded troops only a few hours of repose. At the hour of ten at night, the bugle sounded for the resumption of the march. The city of Berne was illuminated on the occasion, and tables were spread out before every house for the refreshment of the patriot soldiery. The route was taken for Morat amid the darkness of night, and in the face of a storm of wind and rain."

The day dawned; it was the 22d of June; the sky was overcast with clouds, and the rain still fell in torrents. The Burgundians displayed their vast lines before the eyes of the Swiss, who numbered scarcely 30,000 combatants. Before giving the signal of attack, John de Hallwyl fell on his knees, with his whole army, to invoke the assistance of the Almighty in this trying moment for their beloved country. While they prayed, the sun broke through the clouds, and, on the instant, the Swiss commander arose: waving his sword aloft, he exclaimed—"Rise, rise, confederated brethren! God smiles upon our coming victory!" As he spoke, the clang of arms resounded; the attack was made; and soon the battle raged from the heights to the lake. Hallwyl commanded on the left; on the right was engaged the flower of the Swiss army, under the orders of John Waldmann; and Adrian de Bubenbergh had the guidance of the troops stationed amid the trees on the shores of the lake. Hallwyl had to sustain a fearful struggle, and he did sustain it, till he beheld the appearance of the white-haired chief of Lucerne, Gaspard de Hersteinstein, on the rising ground behind the enemy. Death now rioted in the ranks of the Burgundians; in front and in rear they were massacred; thousands battled obstinately, thousands fell, and thousands took to flight. The duke, pale and dismayed, seeing that all was lost, fled with a train of scarcely thirty attendants, and reached the banks of Lake Lemane. Fifteen thousand of his troops lay on the plain of Morat, in its lake, and in the town of Avenches. A great number, seeking to save themselves, had perished in the waters and neighbouring marshes; the rest were completely dispersed. The tents, provisions, and treasures of the enemy, became the prize of the victors. The dead were thrown into pits amid quick-lime, and earth spread over them."

Some years afterwards, the citizens of Morat formed a collection of the bones of the Burgundians, as a warning to those who might afterwards attempt the



conquest of Switzerland. Four years later, they erected a monumental chapel, in which also were reassembled many of the bones of the fallen. For three centuries this memorial of Swiss heroism remained entire, and was in existence in 1797, when Bonaparte, after the treaty of Campo-Formio, visited the spot on his way to the congress of Rastadt. "Young captain," said he to a Swiss officer who accompanied him, "be assured that if we ever fight in this spot, we will not take the lake in our retreat." In the following year, during the French invasion of Switzerland, a Burgundian regiment destroyed the monument, and threw the bones into the lake, whence some of them were ejected upon the shores, during every successive storm. From this time, the relics of the slain became a marketable commodity. They were picked up, and carried off to be sold to strangers, or to make handles for knives, for which their whiteness adapted them. In the course of his rambles Lord Byron visited the scene, and carried away what he described as perhaps forming the quarter of a hero; observing, as an apology, that if he had not himself committed this species of sacrilege, the next comer would most likely have been guilty of it, and for a more sordid purpose: the bones he designed to preserve with the most religious care.

The overturned monument was at first replaced by a tree of Liberty; to this succeeded a linden tree, surrounded by a railing. But on the 9th of January, 1821, the cantonal authorities of Freyburg voted a sum of 6000 francs for the erection of an obelisk on the spot. This was duly accomplished, and now a remarkably handsome obelisk of sandstone, apparently about forty feet in height, is seen standing on an open gravelled space, adjoining the public road, and overlooking the large expanse of lake. On one of its sides is an inscription in Latin, expressing that—"The Republic of Freyburg signalises the victory of the 22d of June, 1476, gained by the united efforts of their ancestors, by this new monument, erected in the year 1822."

I am afraid I have detained the reader with these scraps of old-world history; but surely one may well be excused for pausing for a moment over a scene so intimately associated with the independence of a brave and free people. Morat was the Bannockburn of Switzerland, for the confederated cantons now assumed a political standing from which they were never afterwards driven—although, it may be remarked, they did not rid themselves of the German emperors till 1499, or wrench Vaud and Geneva from the dukes of Savoy till 1536. In the meanwhile, what became of Charles the Bold of Burgundy? His sun set on the plain of Morat. In about half a year after, in an equally futile attempt on Lorraine, he perished ingloriously at the battle of Nancy (January 7, 1477), when his forces were utterly destroyed; his body was found a few days afterwards, immersed among ice and mud in a ditch, and so disfigured that he was only recognised by the length of his beard and nails, which he had allowed to grow since the period of his defeat at Morat. The page of history presents few more striking instances of the retributive punishment of inordinate pride, ferocity, and ambition.

After having seen what was worthy of observation in this part of the country, there was nothing to detain us, and we proceeded by an afternoon's ride to Neuchâtel—a fine old town in the French style, situated at the base of the vine-clad Jura, and close upon the lake of the same name. As it was afterwards our fortune to take this city, and the district of country beyond it among the mountains, in our journey into France, I shall here postpone any notice of them, and proceed with the reader on the way to Lausanne. The first part of the journey we performed on board a small steam-boat, which, in from three to four hours, carried us to the farther extremity of the lake at Yverdon—a substantial but dirty town, and the first we came to in the canton of Vaud. Here, it will be remembered, the benevolent but whimsical Pestalozzi attempted to carry his educational projects into execution, and failed—more, however, from want of management than any substantial defect in principle.

The country betwixt Yverdon and Lausanne may be said to consist of an enormously broad hill, not particularly high, but toilsome enough to the cattle whose duty is to drag up the diligence. The land is cultivated to the summit, and for several miles we have a view to the right of the beautiful flat vale stretching southwards from the Lake of Neuchâtel towards Lake Lemane; and beyond it, the whole face of the Jura range, with its lofty peaks shrouded in mists, and forming the great physical barrier between France and Switzerland. Before us one small height succeeds another, each tantalising us with the hope of our being able to catch from its summit the first glimpse of Lake Lemane, or Lake of Geneva, as it is sometimes and not very correctly called, whose banks were to be the limit of our pilgrimage. The lake, however, is not seen till we are almost upon it, and within a mile or so of Lausanne, when, all at once, this glorious sheet of water, an inland sea in appearance, is seen lying in the depth in front glittering under the intense splendour of the mid-day sun—its northern shore on which we are, a scene of soft variegated beauty—vineyards, cottages, and white tranquil villas, extending as far as the eye can reach, and contrasting singularly with the dark, cheerless country on the opposite coast, marked by the long ragged line of the Savoy mountains, in the bosom of

which Mont Blanc, with its serrated snowy scalp, rests in solemn majesty. From Villeneuve on the east—where the waters of the Rhone have cleft for themselves a passage through a rampart of huge rocky eminences, and found room to expand in the bosom of the still lake in front—as far as to the neighbourhood of Geneva on the west, a compass of forty miles, where the lake has similarly forced an outlet through the intercepting flanks of the Jura, this fascinating landscape is spread out before us. The first view of the shores of Lake Lemane, combining as they do, to an almost unexampled degree, the beautiful with the sublime, and associated with many highly interesting recollections, is felt as a realisation of many of those pleasing dreams and fancies with which hope is always kindly alluring us onward through life, but which sober judgment as frequently tells us must ever retain, for the most part, their native insubstantiality. Once seen, it is a thing not easily to be forgotten; and to those who treasure such remembrances, it will mark an era in existence.

Our party reached Lausanne at noon, somewhat glad to get off the dusty roads, and to seek shelter from the overpowering heat. But no sooner had we fixed our quarters at that prince of hotels, the Hotel Gibbon—which I take upon me to pronounce unmatched for every excellent quality by any other house in Christendom—than there was no rest till we had seen all the outs and ins of the town—its beautiful promenades and very ancient cathedral—and, in particular, the house in which Mr Gibbon had resided during his stay at Lausanne, and, as is well known, wrote his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." This edifice is almost close to the hotel which has taken the distinguished author's name; and to understand its site, we must first take a glance at the general character of the place.

Lausanne, the capital of Vaud, occupies an awkward situation on the summits and declivities of two or three broad knolls, the southern face of which forms a descending slope of at least a mile to the village of Ouchy, on the margin of the lake. The streets are irregular, though beginning to be improved in various ways; the greatest of all the improvements going forward being the erection of a splendid bridge of twenty-two arches, designed to connect the main street with the open high ground on the north—that by which we had entered from Yverdon. This great work, which is to cost the canton 500,000 francs—not bad for a small republic, the size of an English county—and is forming of hard blue stone, imported from the opposite shores of Savoy, will be of incalculable service as an approach; for hitherto the only entrance to the town, in this direction, has been by a street of such excessive steepness that the diligence does not attempt to face it. When finished, the new thoroughfare will run up straight to the door of the Gibbon—a good thing for the landlord, who takes a particular interest in the undertaking, and kindly volunteers a great deal of local chat on the subject to his English customers, who may be in the proportion of ninety-nine in every hundred who enter his establishment.

The house once occupied by Gibbon is situated towards the rear of the hotel which has adopted his name, at the side of the long descending road which proceeds to Ouchy, and separated from the main street by the old church of St Francis. It is an antique dwelling of the French fashion, with plastered walls and dark-tiled roof, offering only one storey to the small courtyard in front, but, from the steepness of the hill, making two storeys behind. It is at present inhabited by a private family, one of whose domestics conducted us over the premises. The most interesting point is in the garden, to which we are conducted by a stair and winding passage, opening upon the terrace walk which formed the author's favourite promenade during the composition of his great work.

No garden scene can be conceived more delicious than this little spot—a trimly-kept walk, shaded with green acacias in full leaf; borders of flowers and orange-trees, enriching the air with their perfume; the walls of the house and terrace beyond covered with vines and fig-trees, each with its clusters of fruit; above all, glimpses through the bushes of the long descending slope towards the lake—disclosing a universal vine-garden, while in the distance the scene is closed with the chain of the Savoy peaks. Such was the spot occupied for several years by Gibbon, while writing his immortal production; and here, in an arbour at the extremity of the walk, which has unfortunately been removed in the progress of adjoining improvements, did he finish his undertaking. His own words will doubtless recur to remembrance: "It was on the day, or rather the night, of the 27th of June 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last line of the last page in a summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a beechen, or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waves, and all nature was silent."

Lausanne may be said to form the centre point in a district whose fate it has been to afford a residence to many individuals distinguished for their literary abili-

ties, and acquirements in various branches of learning. On the west, not to speak of Geneva, lies Ferney, long the seat of Voltaire, and near it Coppet, the residence of Necker and his illustrious daughter Madame de Staël; while on the east is Clarens, the abode of Rousseau. Lord Byron, whose passionate lines on Lake Lemane, in calm and storm, require no repetition, resided at different places on its shores; among others at Diodati, near Geneva, where he wrote his "Manfred," and the third canto of "Childe Harold;" and Ouchy, below Lausanne, where he composed his "Prisoner of Chillon." Not the least remarkable circumstance in the history of Lake Lemane is, that all its numerous admirers—Byron, when at Diodati, excepted—have taken up their abode on its northern or Swiss side. At the *côte rotte*, or side offered to the full influence of the summer sun, the northern shore is unquestionably not only the most genial but every way the most beautiful. There is, however, another cause of preference. It has long enjoyed all the benefits of civil and religious liberty, whereas the territory on the south is under one of the most thorough despotisms in Europe—that of the Sardinian monarchy. A residence of a few days on the lake enabled us to observe the striking difference between these two conditions. Looking out from the heights of Lausanne, you see all along the Swiss side incontestable evidences of civilisation, comfort, and industry—ports with their small sailing craft, and steamers darting from point to point, leaving and taking up passengers. On the opposite shore all seems dull, antiquated, and unimproved; the bulk of the country bleak and desolate, while not a single visit is permitted by steam-vessels at any of the small lake-side towns. A more close and vivid contrast between a country managed by its own people, and one under the government of others, could scarcely be more affectingly exhibited.

Perhaps no part of Europe has undergone so many political changes as the modern canton of Pays de Vaud, stretching along the northern shore of Lake Lemane. One after the other, it has been possessed and domineered over by Romans, Franks, Burgundians, the emperors of Germany, the dukes of Zähringen, the counts of Kyburg, the barons of Vaud, and dukes of Savoy, and bishops of Lausanne.\* In 1536, the Bernese, by force of arms, as already mentioned, wrested the district from the reigning dukes of Savoy—of whose cruelties we shall have something to say when we reach Chillon—and henceforth it became a part of the canton of Berne till 1798, when it was rendered independent as a part of the Helvetic republic. In 1803, by the act of mediation of Napoleon, this republic was dissolved, and Vaud now became a distinct canton in the Swiss confederacy. This lasted till 1814, when it lost partly its democratic constitution, and fell under the jurisdiction of certain privileged orders. In 1830, this preposterous arrangement was overturned by a revolution; and the canton, in its independent state, became what it now is—a free democracy like that of Berne, Zurich, and the other revolutionised cantons. This part of Switzerland, therefore, has had a remarkable luck for changes, but in the main for the better. Settled very much by a people of a similar origin to that of the French, and having frequently had an intimate connexion with France, its vernacular language is French, in which respect it resembles Neuchâtel, part of Freyburg, and Geneva. With the latter canton it embraced the Reformation with great zeal, and is now distinguished as one of the freest Protestant cantons. Yet, as in all other countries over which the French Revolution swept with fury, religion is little better than the ghost of what it was in former times. Nevertheless, the canton is a pattern of order, decency of behaviour, and also respectability of appearance in its people; while its social economy embraces the fact, puzzling to our political economists, of a population which increases not beyond the means of subsistence, and consequently does not exhibit anything like those sinks of misery which are now piteously dotted over the surface of English society. Since the revolution of 1830, the canton has been eminently prosperous in its affairs, and improvements are seen effecting in all quarters. Education is liberally promoted; all forms of worship are freely exercised—a very beautiful

\* According to local historians, the bishops of Lausanne were a powerful set of prince-prelates, whose spiritual influence was not limited to the human species, but extended also over the tribes of lower animals. In 1479, the country around Lausanne was, it appears, infested by a host of insects, which ravaged the roots of the plants, everywhere causing serious inconvenience and loss. This unforeseen and alarming pest was reported by Frikart, the Chancellor of Berne, to the Bishop of Lausanne, counselling his lordship to have the intruders summoned before his tribunal, and there be made to answer for their conduct. The suggestion appeared reasonable; and to give the animals every chance of justice, an advocate of infamous character, recently deceased, was appointed to conduct their case. The day set apart for the trial arrived, and the suit came to a hearing; but as the advocate for the defendants did not make his appearance, the insects were pronounced contumacious, and judgment went against them. "Les insectes furent excommuniés, proscrits au nom de la Sainte Trinité, et condamnés à sortir des terres du diocèse de Lausanne."—(The insects were excommunicated, proscribed in the name of the Holy Trinity, and condemned to banishment from every part of the diocese of Lausanne.) This order, it is mentioned, still exists in its original form. The historians of Berne, who have transmitted the fact, do not seem to have considered it any way remarkable; and only observe that, according to custom, the sentence had the effect of remedying the evil!

\* The French, who systematically mispell and mispronounce foreign proper names, call this the *Hotel Hi-bon*. A stranger at first has a difficulty in knowing who they mean by *Hi-bon*.



English chapel at Lausanne being one of the tangible evidences of this freedom of opinion; and, in short, the country seems to be pursuing a fair course of national and individual prosperity.

#### WORDSWORTH'S NEW POEMS.

A NEW volume from the pen of William Wordsworth, is a gift which the public will now receive with general gratitude. The meed of popular favour was for a time withheld from the poet of Rydal, and chiefly in consequence of his own unfortunate promulgation of certain laws of literary composition, to which the world at large could not give their assent; but it was ultimately found, that though he observed these rules in a few instances, as in the case of the "Idiot Boy," "Harry Blake and Goody Gill," and some other short pieces, the majority of his poems were modelled after the loftiest exemplars of our language, and had few parallels in it, whether as regarded dignity of diction or elevation of thought. The effect of the mistake under which the public laboured with respect to Mr Wordsworth, is partly shown by the present volume, which contains many pieces composed long ago, and which the writer has only at the eleventh hour been encouraged to give to the public. Among other productions, we find here the "Tragedy of the Borderers," written in 1795-6, and respecting which great curiosity has been felt by the poet's admirers, its existence having been very generally known for many by-past years.

As the volume only adds to the amount of Mr Wordsworth's works, and gives no novelty in any other respect, it is scarcely necessary, except for form's sake, to present any specimens of its contents. We are tempted, however, to transfer to our columns one or two pieces or passages which have fallen upon our own feelings with an effect peculiarly Wordsworthian, and which we have no doubt will give equal pleasure to our readers. One of these is the conclusion of a poem entitled "Musings near Aquapendente," written during a tour in Italy.

"Time flows—nor winds,  
Nor stagnates, nor precipitates his course,  
But many a benefit borne upon his breast  
For human-kind sinks out of sight, is gone,  
No one knows how; nor seldom is put forth  
An angry arm that snatches good away,  
Never perhaps to reappear. The Stream  
Has to our generation brought, and brings,  
Innumerable gains; yet we, who now  
Walk in the light of day, pertain full surely  
To a chill'd age, most pitifully shut out  
From that which is and actuates, by forms,  
Abstractions, and by lifeless fact to fact  
Minutely linked with diligence uninspired,  
Unrecited, unguided, unstained,  
By godlike insight. To this fate is doom'd  
Science, wide-spread and spreading still as he  
Her conquests, in the world of sense made known.  
So with the internal mind it fares; and so  
With morals, trusting, in contempt or fear  
Of vital principle's controlling law,  
To her purblind guide Expediency; and so  
Suffers religious faith. Elate with view  
Of what is won, we overlook or scorn  
The best that should keep pace with it, and must,  
Else more and more the general mind will droop,  
Even as if bent on perishing. There lives  
No faculty within us which the Soul  
Can spare, and humblest earthly Want demands,  
For dignity not placed beyond her reach,  
Zealous co-operation of all means  
Given or acquired, to raise us from the mire,  
And liberate our hearts from low pursuits.  
By gross Utilities enslaved, we need  
More of ennobling impulse from the past,  
If to the future sight of good must come  
Sounder, and therefore holier, than the ends  
Which, in the giddiness of self-applause,  
We covet as supreme. Oh, grant the crown  
That Wisdom wears, or take his treacherous staff  
From Knowledge!—If the Muse, whom I have served  
This day, be mistress of a single pearl  
Fit to be placed in that pure diadem,  
Then, not in vain, under these chestnut boughs  
Reclined, shall I have yielded up my soul  
To transports from the secondary founts  
Flowing of time and place, and paid to both  
Due homage; nor shall fruitlessly have striven,  
By love of beauty moved, to enshrine in verse  
Accordant meditations, which in times  
Yer'd and disorder'd, as our own, may shed  
Influence, at least among a scatter'd few,  
To soberness of mind and peace of heart  
Friendly; as here to my repose hath been  
This flowering broom's dear neighbourhood, the light  
And murmur issuing from yon pendent flood,  
And all the varied landscape. Let us now  
Rise, and to-morrow greet magnificent Rome."

The following upon the flower called *Love lies Bleeding*, seems to us exquisite:—

"You call it, 'Love lies Bleeding'—so you may,  
Though the red flower, not prostrate, only droops,  
As we have seen it here from day to day,  
From month to month, life passing not away;  
A flower how rich in sadness! Even thus stoops  
(Sentient by Grecian sculptor's marvellous power),  
Thus leans, with hanging brow and body bent  
Earthward in uncomplaining languishment,  
The dying Gladiator. So, and flower!  
'Tis Fancy guides me, willing to be led,  
Though by a slender thread,

So droop'd Adonis, bathed in sanguine dew  
Of his death-wound, when he from innocent air  
The gentlest breath of resignation drew;  
While Venus, in a passion of despair,  
Rent, weeping over him, her golden hair,  
Spangled with drops of that celestial shower.  
She suffer'd, as immortals sometimes do;  
But pangs more lasting far that lover knew  
Who first, weigh'd down by scorn, in some lone bower  
Did press this semblance of unsifted smart  
Into the service of his constant heart;  
His own dejection, downcast flower! could share  
With thine, and gave the mournful name which thou wilt ever  
bear."

The following lines to a Redbreast, written during sickness, are said to be from the pen of a female relative, and remind us of the simple and touching style of the poet:—

"Stay, little cheerful robin! stay,  
And at my casement sing,  
Though it should prove a farewell lay,  
And thus our parting spring.  
Though I, alas! may ne'er enjoy  
The promise in thy song;  
A charm that thought cannot destroy,  
Doth to thy strain belong.  
Methinks that in my dying hour  
Thy song would still be dear,  
And with a more than earthly power  
My passing spirit cheer.  
Then, little bird, this boon confer:  
Come, and my requiem sing;  
Nor fail to be the harbinger  
Of everlasting spring."

As for the tragedy of the *Borderers*, it will probably add little to the author's reputation. Though containing fine thoughts scattered here and there, it is unfitted for exhibition on the stage, and indeed, as the author admits, was never intended for production in public.

#### THE EARLY DAYS OF NAPOLEON.

THERE hangs over the boyish days of Napoleon Bonaparte a mystery somewhat similar to that which rests on the opening years of Shakspeare. In the case of the latter, we are totally at a loss to comprehend by what species of training that wonderful mind was developed, and whence was derived that boundless knowledge of human nature, and of the phenomena of the universe, which his writings display. With the like feelings of uncertainty do we muse upon the early life of Napoleon, wondering in what manner that prodigious amount of intelligence was accumulated, which gave him such a sway in after-days over his fellow-men, and rendered him never for one instant at a loss, amid the most varied and trying circumstances in which man could be called upon to act. Bonaparte appeared to burst at once upon the world with the experience of fifty lives concentrated in his young mind, ready to take up at will the parts of warrior, ruler, legislator, or diplomatist, and to cope with and foil those who had grown grey in studying the duties of but one or other of these difficult characters. These circumstances throw a peculiar interest over the youth of Napoleon. Fortunately, during the period of the consulate, he gave directions for the preservation of various letters and papers connected with his early history, and from a notice of these, lately published in France,\* we shall proceed to draw several particulars.

Paoli, the Corsican patriot, seems to have been a material instrument in moulding the character of the young Napoleon. Genoa had assumed the right of selling Corsica to France, in the time of Louis XV., and that monarch sent an army to take possession of it. The Corsicans resisted, under the guidance of Paoli. Charles Bonaparte was a warm partisan of that chief; and, in the campaign of 1769, which gave France the ascendancy, was personally in the field with his wife Letitia, who, at that very time, in the midst of peril and alarm, gave birth to Napoleon. During the childhood of the latter, Paoli was constantly in the mouths of those around him, and he grew up with a deep admiration of the character of the exiled general, then living in England. When the French Revolution broke out, Paoli was recalled, and Napoleon became his close personal friend. The old general had penetration enough to discern the remarkable character of the youth. "You are one of Plutarch's men," he used to say to him—a compliment of no slight kind. It has been often asserted, that Napoleon never acted under the impulse of feeling, but was always guided by motives of self-interest and cold calculation. Not so was it when Paoli, having incurred the suspicion of the French Convention for his denunciations of the execution of Louis XVI., was summoned to appear and answer for himself in Paris. Napoleon, who had then received a commission in the French service in Corsica, had the generous boldness to write to the Convention in his old friend's defence. "One of your decrees," says the letter, "has deeply afflicted the citizens of Ajaccio; it is that which orders an old man of seventy, loaded with infirmities, to drag himself to your bar, charged, through misunderstanding, as corrupt and ambitious. Representatives! when the French were governed by a corrupt court, and placed credence neither in virtue nor patriotism, then might it have been said, perhaps, that Paoli was ambitious. It is by despots alone that Paoli should now be deemed ambitious; at Paris, in the midst of French liberty, he ought to be regarded

as the patriarch of freedom, the precursor of your republic; so will posterity think, and so do the people now believe. We owe to him all, even the happiness of being a portion of the French republic. He ever enjoys our confidence. Repeat your decree, and render us happy." Napoleon's bold appeal was not listened to, and Paoli was compelled to look for safety to England.

Another person who exercised much influence over Napoleon in his youth, was Father Dupuy, sub-principal of the school of Brienne. As became common in the case of Corsican families of respectability, after the island was incorporated with France, Napoleon was sent to the college of Autun at the age of nine, and afterwards to the school of Brienne. Bourrienne mentions, in his memoirs of Bonaparte, that the Emperor never could spell properly; but he does not tell the reason. The fact was, that Napoleon could not speak a word of French when he came to the school first mentioned. He picked up the tongue through his intercourse with others, but never was taught it grammatically. He was engaged in learning the classics, when he ought to have been set to the French language by his teachers. His excessively careless penmanship in later days was supposed to be partly affected, in order to hide his faulty orthography. Dupuy, who formed a strong attachment to Napoleon, and was shown the essays from his pen, did all he could to correct the style and spelling, but the evil was not thoroughly removable. One of the early essays of Napoleon was a History of Corsica, which was composed in the form of letters, addressed to the Abbé Raynal. Lucien Bonaparte mentions this work in his memoirs. "It was written," he says, "in the vacation of 1790, at Ajaccio, and two copies were made of it by myself. One was sent to the Abbé Raynal, who found the composition so remarkable that he showed it to Mirabeau. The latter, on returning it, said to Raynal, that this little history seemed to him to indicate a genius of the first order. Napoleon was delighted with these praises." The work was represented by Lucien as lost, but in reality it is still in existence, having formed part of a bundle of early writings lodged by Napoleon in the hands of Cardinal Fesch. It is written with great vigour, and an uncompromising boldness of speech. Every page proves, moreover, that the author had been indefatigable in his researches into authorities, and even unpublished documents. Napoleon's mode of reading books was peculiar, and well calculated to fix on his memory whatever fell under his eye. His custom was to read with the pen in his hand, and to mark passages which he approved or disapproved; and frequently, when he was especially struck with any thing, he made it the subject of a distinct critical disquisition. In this manner did he go over all the most grave and learned works in the stores of literature. Herodotus, Strabo, Plutarch, and all the other historians both of Greece and Rome; the annals of England, and all the most important modern countries in the world; natural history, geography, medicine, and physics; all of these branches of learning his papers show him to have studied attentively. But, above all, his favourite authors were Filangieri, Mably, Necker, Smith, and other writers on political economy, legislation, and the moral sciences generally. For seven years, namely, from 1786 to 1793, while a student and lieutenant of artillery, now in one place and now in another, such was the training to which his papers show him to have subjected himself. Men have marvelled that the soldier of Italy should have started up, as it seemed, a legislator by intuition,—intuition; such is the word under which men too frequently shelter their own apathy and deficiencies. Years of patient study, while other lads were fooling away their time, would, at least in this instance, have been a more correct form of expression. Napoleon's ability as a soldier was not less puzzling; but comprehensiveness and promptitude of thought, produced by the same preparatory studies, united with a sound physical development, formed the true explanation of the phenomenon. What is curious, however, Bonaparte sometimes left his grave studies for the slightest of all varieties of literary composition: he wrote novels. One of these was an English romance, entitled *The Earl of Essex*, being founded on the story of Queen Elizabeth's unfortunate favourite. Another tale was composed by him on a Corsican subject, and he also wrote some oriental apoloques, bearing covertly on the politics of the passing day. The idea of the man who wielded such mighty elements in after days, devoting time to story-writing, is startling enough. It has the same apparent incongruity as the idea of his being glad to borrow a few shillings from Bourrienne in the days of his lieutenantship.

We cannot well give a specimen of the stories of Napoleon, but our space permits of our quoting one of the most remarkable of all his papers in place of these. This is a document in which he discusses the propriety of suicide. Many features of his future character seem to have originated in youth in his isolated position. From the age of nine to seventeen, he was absent from home. He dwelt alone, and formed those habits of self-dependence which at once constituted a great quality in him, and isolated him, in a measure, from human sympathies. His notebook was the sole confidant of his secrets in his youth. Whatever struck him forcibly, even a simple conversation with a lady, was committed to paper, and, beyond question, this plan led him ever to reason coolly

\* In the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.



before action. The following are his thoughts on the subject of self-destruction. "Ever alone in the midst of men, I return to dream with myself, and to give myself up to all the vivacity of my melancholy. To what point is it now directed? To the side of death. Yet in the morning of my days, I may hope to live a long time. I have been absent seven years from my country. What pleasure shall I not taste in revisiting, in four months, my relatives and compatriots? Filled with the tender sensations which the remembrance of my youthful pleasures inspires, may I not conclude that my happiness will be complete? And what madness, then, urges me to wish for my destruction? Doubtless, I may say, what have I to do in this world? Since I must die, is it not as well to end my life at once? If I had passed through sixty years, I should respect the prejudices of my contemporaries, and wait patiently till nature had completed her course; but since I begin to experience misfortunes, since nothing gives me pleasure, why should I go on enduring unprosperous days? How far have men wandered from nature! How cowardly, base, and servile are they! What spectacle shall I behold in my native country? My compatriots, loaded with chains, tremblingly kiss the hand which crushes them. They are no more those brave Corsicans, whom a hero animated with his virtues; no more are they enemies of tyranny, luxury, sycophancy. Proud, and full of a noble consciousness of worth, a Corsican once lived happy. If he had employed the day on public affairs, his evenings passed away in the sweet society of a loving and beloved spouse; reason and enthusiasm effaced all the fatigues of the day; tender and natural affection rendered his nights comparable to those of the gods. But these happy times have disappeared with liberty, like passing dreams! Frenchmen, not content with having reft from us all that we cherished, ye have also corrupted our manners! The existing spectacle of my country, and my powerlessness to effect a change, form a new reason for quitting a scene, where I am compelled by duty to praise men whom virtue commands me to hate. When I arrive at my home, what aspect shall I assume, what language shall I hold? His country lost, a good citizen ought to die. Had I but one man to destroy, in order to deliver my countrymen, I should turn to the task in one instant, and avenge my country and its violated laws by plunging my steel into the tyrant's bosom. Life is a burden to me, because I enjoy no pleasure, and because all is pain to me; it is a burden because the men with whom I live, and probably shall always live, have manners as widely different from mine as the moon's light differs from that of the sun. I cannot follow the sole mode of life which could make it endurable, and a disgust for all is the consequence."

This passage affords a remarkable proof of the high-reaching sentiments which, even at the age of seventeen, characterised Napoleon. The death which he meditates is the death of Cato, not of Chatterton. It is not the pressure of penury which disgusts the extraordinary boy with life, but the slavery of his country and the degradation of his species. There is ample evidence existing among his early papers to prove, that he was in his youth a genuine and ardent lover of republican liberty, and that he disliked the French, fixing his whole thoughts on Corsica. As his mind became matured, however, he saw that Corsica was too insignificant in extent, and possessed resources too limited, to permit it to flourish independently amid states so much superior to it in power; and he turned to France, as affording full scope for the development of those great problems in social government which occupied so much of his youthful attention.

Among the thirty-eight bundles of papers consigned by Napoleon to Cardinal Fesch, one curious paper deserves to be briefly referred to. It is a *Dialogue on Love*, which proves how early his opinions had been formed on this, as on other points. He never was remarkable for sentiment, and, at the commencement of his dialogue, he speaks in this condemnatory manner of the feeling of affection between the sexes. "I believe it to be hurtful to society, and to the individual happiness of men; I believe, at least, that it does more harm than good, and that a benefit would be conferred by that protecting power which should extinguish it, and deliver men from its influence." Notwithstanding this denunciation, he was beyond question devotedly attached in his life to at least one woman—Josephine. His letters to her from Italy carry passion even to extravagance.

The writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, from whom we derive these notices of Napoleon's early days, concludes by observing, that "every thing proves him to have exemplified, like other men of genius, that law of humanity which ordains that nothing great can be accomplished without great efforts. In spite of his superior talents, he had studied long and carefully those subjects in which he afterwards showed himself a master. During many years, he never ceased to read and reflect on the most profound existing works. If he displayed ideas so correct on legislation, finance, and social organisation, these ideas did not spring spontaneously from his brain. On the throne, he only reaped the fruits of the long labours of the poor lieutenant of artillery. He formed his character by the means suited for the development of superior men—by toil, solitude, meditation, and endurance. The Revolution offered to him a vast and brilliant field; but without that revolution, he would still have been distinguished, for characters like his seize on fortune, and make it

serve them. Let it be no more said that chance elevated Napoleon. When, after seven years of retirement, he appeared for the first time on the stage of the world, he contained already all the germs of his future greatness. Nothing was fortuitous in his case. He struggled to rise, and left no occasion unused to make himself known. He himself, therefore, must no more be permitted to ascribe his elevation to fatality."

To these truths nothing can be added. Never was it more fully shown than in the case of Napoleon—that industry is the better part of genius.

#### OSIER-WEAVING.

BASKET-MAKING or osier-weaving is an art which seems to us to have a tendency, somehow or another, to call up pleasant reflections whenever the mind is directed to it. The cause of this perhaps is, that the art is a peculiarly neat and cleanly one; and partly, perhaps, because it affords occupation to so many of our poor fellow-creatures who have scarcely any other resource to turn to for bread—the infirm, the lame, and the blind. Possibly, moreover, the beautiful story of the Peruvian Basket-Maker, told in almost all reading-books for the young, may have an early influence in impressing the mind with a pleasing sense of the usefulness of this little art. Speaking for ourselves, all three causes, we believe, have had their effect; and if others have felt any similar impressions, some account of the basket-weaving process may not be unacceptable.

The interweaving of twigs is an operation which suggests itself so naturally to man, that we cannot wonder at finding it practised by him in his rudest condition. The very birds teach it to him, for among them we have some clever twig-weavers. Plaiting of rushes comes more readily to the hands of boys than almost any other manual task, and the very simplest of all baskets are actually formed of this material. Some of the Van Diemen's Land tribes make (or rather *did* make, for the last native of that island was hanged lately) baskets of strong rushes by tying the ends merely, and keeping the middle parts swelled out by a cross band or two. These tribes stood very low in the scale of civilisation. Some other Australasians, a little more civilised, have been observed to make baskets of leaves so dexterously intertwined as to hold liquids without spilling. Of all the rude nations, in truth, with whom we have become acquainted, not one is ignorant of this art; and there is every reason to conclude that past times were in this respect like the present. Our own ancestors,

"While yet our England was a wolfish den,"

were famous for their skill in basket-making, as Martial tells us that their manufactures were brought to Rome in great quantities, and, like our oysters, sold there for extravagant prices.

In days and places where nailing, dove-tailing, jointing, and hinging were arts unknown, plaiting was the most natural of all resources and substitutes. Hence not only utensils such as baskets, but houses or huts, scallops, shields, and sword-hilts, and the like articles, were all formed from the same material, being rendered serviceable by coverings of hides, another ready resort in rude regions. At the present day, in some parts of the east, half the necessary implements of life are made of wicker-work, the bamboo, from its strength and elasticity, giving peculiar facilities for such manufactures. Boats of hide and bamboo can be made by half-a-dozen men in as many hours, when it is necessary to cross a river; and these articles can be constructed of such strength, that thirty men, and even cattle, can be transported in them from bank to bank.

To attend, however, to basket-making in particular. Osiers or willows are the usual materials employed in this manufacture. The wands are cut by the roots, and if intended for the finer kinds of work, are soaked for a time in water previously to their being peeled. This is done by means of a brake or iron instrument, through which they are drawn. As the natural sap of the wands greatly injures the work, they are always dried in the sun, whether peeled or unpeeled, before use. One of the circumstances that renders osier-work a ready resource to persons incapacitated from engaging in other work, is the very small number of implements required for the craft. A brake, such as has been mentioned, a knife or two, and a splitter, consisting of two edge-tools placed at right angles, for cleaving the wood longitudinally into one or more splits, are all or nearly all the tools required. The workman arranges his wands into bundles according to their strength, the largest being set apart by him for the rims and binding-rods of the basket. When the artificer begins to form an ordinary flat-bottomed basket, his first operation is to form the *slat*, as it is called, or woof, out of which the osier web is to be formed. He lays down a number of wands, cut each of a little greater length than is required, and arranges them at a short distance from one another, and in a parallel position. These wands are then crossed at right angles by two rods, each of which passes alternately above and below the parallel wands, thus keeping them in their places. The cross rods are chosen of great length, and their loose ends are turned and woven under and over the pairs of short ends all round the bottom, until the whole is woven in. The same thing is done with the other rod, and then additional long rods are woven in in a similar way, until

the whole bottom be occupied with them. To form the sides, a number of upright rods with sharpened points are forced between the rods of the bottom, or are plaited with them towards the centre. Around these perpendicular ribs other rods are woven in and out alternately, until the sides also are complete. The rim of the basket is chiefly formed by turning down the ends of the upright rods, and plaiting them over one another. Sharp-pointed wands are forced down through the rim, and pinned on each side to form the handle. They are usually plaited together more or less intricately.

It would be a waste of time to describe the mode of making rounded baskets, their construction being so visibly simple. Both the cross ribs and the longitudinal wands pass usually from rim to rim, and are there turned over a strong encircling wand, and fixed by a few plaitings afterwards. Considering the great simplicity of construction of the common willow baskets, and their usefulness in many respects, it strikes us that our peasantry are by no means so thrifty and careful as they might be in respect to these matters. We have no ill-will whatever to tinkers and gipsies, and admit that no very large sums are requisite to purchase brown baskets for the necessities of a farmer's or cottar's establishment; yet the old maxims are good ones, which recommend people never to look to others for a service which they can do for themselves, and to take care of the small sums, as the large ones will then look after themselves. Therefore, seeing that clumps of willows are nowhere very scarce over old Scotland, we imagine that the long nights might often be spent by the rustic ingenuity in making the handy articles under notice with greater advantage than in gossiping. The little story of the Peruvian Basket-Maker, which, though an invention, conveys a moral of daily applicability, might teach parents that a species of useful knowledge, despised under certain circumstances, might in others become of paramount importance. In the tale mentioned, we are told that a proud gentleman scorned a poor basket-maker as of an inferior species, when a king, from whom both of them stood at so great a distance as to seem equal, took it into his head to send them away together to a savage island, and to leave them there in nudity, that the assumed natural superiority of the one might have scope for display if it existed. The luxuriously-nurtured gentleman was plunged in misery by his exposure, and would have perished but for his contempted companion. Savages discovered them; the gentleman could neither defend himself nor do aught for his life. But the basket-maker had a resource. Making signs for the savages to wait, he set to work on some rushes, and in a few minutes plaited a cap for one of the chiefs, who donned it with rapture. Others were called for instantly, and, in brief, the basket-maker became the delight of the tribe. At his intreaty the gentleman's life was spared; but seeing him to be of no use, the savages despised him utterly. Here was a lesson given to him. The poor man was far above him in the eyes of those who were not blinded by artificial distinctions; and the petty art which he had despised was the means of saving his life. So runs the moral, and, as observed, it is in part applicable every hour of the day. We do not know to what we may come in this world of changes, casualties, and sufferings; and the pettiest accession of really useful knowledge ought not to be contemned by us.

This is a digression, but not without a purpose. The art of basket-working has been neglected in Britain, but especially in Scotland; so much so, that a patriotic society for the improvement of arts and sciences some time ago offered premiums for the cultivation of the best kinds of materials for the craft of basket-making. Mr Phillips, of Ely, was consequently induced to make some experiments, by which he gained the reward. He found that there were about fourteen or fifteen varieties of the osier-willow; and that but a few of them were well fitted for basket-making. The grey or brindled osier, the bark of which is marked by red streaks, is hardy, tough, and bleaches well, but it is rare in Britain. The other principal species are the Welsh willow, of which there are two kinds, one red and the other white; the Spanish willow; the new willow; the Kent willow; and the French willow. The latter is held the best, particularly for light purposes. It is grown in Britain to a considerable extent, yet large quantities have annually to be imported from the continent.

Unquestionably, this might be remedied. The willow, in all its forms, grows well in the British climate, and indeed better there, perhaps, than in more southerly climes; so that there appears no good reason why an ample supply should not be obtained at home for the home market. Unfortunately, however, in agricultural matters above all others we seem to cling with tenacity to old forms and customs. To introduce a new seed, or improved article of any kind for culture, though its merits may be fully proven, is one of the most difficult things imaginable; and every body remembers how ludicrously the same anti-innovating spirit was exhibited in the matter of barn-fanners, which the old rustics denounced as demoniacal and heretical in the extreme. Some such feelings seem to have caused the agricultural population to neglect the call made by the society for the improvement of arts and manufactures some years ago. People still persist in the hopeless attempt to grow corn and wheat out of undrainable land, though crops of willows, which require a humid soil, and are in constant request



in the market, might save them all their draining outlay, and remunerate them much better on the whole. Mr Phillips calculated that good and well-managed willows would give, in ordinary circumstances, an annual profit of above £18 an acre. Others state the profit lower, or about £10 or £12 per acre. Any of these sums, considering the nature of the soil occupied, might well induce people to try the culture of osiers.

Mr Phillips conceives the best time for planting to be autumn, and the best time for cutting to be also autumn, though it is common to plant in the spring. Shoots only are cut, and the stock left. From 6000 to 12,000 sets are usually planted on an acre of ground. It has just been mentioned that humidity is necessary for willows. They grow even in standing water, but are too soft in such situations, and not well fitted for basket-work.

Upon the whole, it might be worth while for agricultural people to look into this matter, and see if they could not do both themselves and their country good by giving the home market a home supply of an article continually in demand, and for which foreign countries have to be resorted to at present.

#### MEMORY.

In a paper read a short time ago by Sir Henry Marsh, Bart., at a meeting of physicians, on the subject of memory, and which afterwards appeared in a newspaper, we find the following intelligent observations, tending to show that memory, like every thing else, is susceptible of cultivation, and must always less or more depend on the proper exercise of the faculties of the mind:—

"Wherever there are traces of mental manifestation, there the attribute of memory is to be found—variously distributed, but always bearing invariable proportion to the amount and extent of intellectual development. As the instincts of the animal become more numerous, so the reach of memory increases; and if, in our observations of facts, beginning with the lowest, we ascend in the scale of animated nature, we shall discover a gradual augmentation of mind and memory till we arrive at man, who, in the possession of both, stands alone and pre-eminent above every other inhabitant of the earth. It is on the score of those superior faculties, moral and intellectual, by which man is distinguished, that he, amongst animals, is designated the image of his Maker; but how valueless had all these endowments been, had not that of memory been superadded! Of all the mental powers, none arrests so forcibly the attention of all classes of persons as this of which we treat. Its utility in every sphere and condition of life is so palpable, that it cannot pass unobserved. It is also so remarkably affected by disease, so strikingly exhibited in infancy and childhood, so altered in character by old age, and displayed in such strong features, though limited in extent, in the warring and predatory life of savage and uncivilised man, and so largely bestowed in some one distinct form upon particular individuals, that it is, above all other mental manifestations, that which never fails to obtrude itself upon the notice of even the unobservant and thoughtless.

The events and occurrences of childhood are not imprinted permanently on the mind. In all instances in which I have made inquiry, I cannot trace permanent impressions farther back than to about two years and a half old. A lady told me lately, that she left India when only three years old—that she distinctly recollected having been carried in a palanquin, and having embarked on board what then appeared to her an enormous vessel, in which she sailed to Europe; all else had escaped from her memory. The first event of my own life which I can recollect is a fight with a cock. From that period onwards to the age of eight years, the facts and events which I am able to recall are few. In precocious children it may be different; but of these so many die prematurely, that we cannot gather many facts. In old age, too, memory gradually fails. We may say, then, that the period of memory is the period of the consciousness of personal identity. In point of fact, we live only as long as we can recall past impressions; all else in life, both in infancy and extreme senility, and the time spent in sleep, is a blank. Thus the period of human life is contracted within a smaller span than the number of years usually reckoned upon. The progress of memory from infancy to mature years in an individual of an energetic, active, and cultivated mind, may not inaptly be compared with some great river—at its source a streamlet, enlarging by degrees as it advances, collecting materials for expansion from a thousand springs, spreading wider and wider as it rolls onwards, and becoming ultimately one mighty and majestic mass of waters—deep, broad, and beautiful—till at length it is mingled with and lost in the ocean. Such is the progress of memory in the human mind. Memory cannot be without a previous impression. An impression cannot be made upon the mind without attention. Attention presents itself to our view under two very distinct forms; one, instinctive and necessary, which takes place whether we will or not; the other constrained, or the result of mental effort. So likewise memory, or the recalling of past impressions, is either necessary and spontaneous, or it is the result of a mental effort. The first is termed simple memory; the second, recollection. The more vigorous and active each mental faculty, the more excited is the attention to congenial objects, the more forcible the impression made, and consequently the more tenacious and permanent the memory of such impressions. The order of the sequence then is—active faculties, strong impressions, vigorous memory.

I have often thought that, if in children the various powers of memory were closely observed, an index of the mental faculties would thence be derived, most valuable in the conduct of education. Believing, as I do, that many intellectual faculties have each its own proper memory, it follows, as a necessary consequence, that in proportion to the strength and activity of each faculty is the vigour, readiness, and retentiveness of the memory

attached to it. Hence, by carefully studying the memory, and ascertaining by well-conducted experiment where it is vigorous and retentive, and where comparatively defective, we should be materially assisted in arriving at a knowledge of the real condition of the mental faculties of the individual whom we undertake to educate.

In this our sublimary state of existence, mind and matter are so inseparably united, that the one cannot manifest its functions without the other. The brain is the material instrument of the mind. The human brain, in number and depth of convolutions, in the proportionate quantity of grey or cineritious matter, in size, compared with the other portions of the nervous system, in development of parts posteriorly, superiorly, and anteriorly, exceeds that of all other animals. If the brain be deranged in function, or diseased in structure, the memorial faculties suffer. The brain sympathises with remote parts, and with the digestive organs in particular; we all know and feel to what an extent our reasoning powers and memory are influenced by the state of the stomach. Often in my boyhood, and even subsequently, I have endeavoured to repeat at night words or propositions which I was anxious to imprint on the memory, and repeat correctly. At night I could perform my task but very imperfectly; on awaking in the morning, and repenting the effort, not one word was forgotten. Sympathy with remote parts—high mental excitations and emotions, such as grief, intense pleasure, intense application—various poisonous substances, such as opium, alcohol, disease, injury—all these, by disturbing the functions of the brain, derange variously, and to a greater or less extent, the mental manifestations."

We add the single observation, that young persons who feel deficient in memory, may rest assured that the defect is caused less by inferior mental capacity, than want of application at right times and on right objects. The avoidance of trifling pursuits and undue gratifications of the senses, at the same time directing the mind to subjects of a useful and ennobling tendency, will strengthen the reflective faculties, and that is the cultivation of the memory.

#### EXTREME OLD AGE.

We pray in the Litany to be delivered from sudden death. Any death is to be deprecated which should find us unprepared; but, as a temporal calamity, with more reason might we pray to be spared from the misery of an infirm old age. It was once my fortune to see a frightful instance of extreme longevity—a woman who was nearly in her hundredth year. Her sight was greatly decayed, though not lost; it was very difficult to make her hear, and not easy then to make her understand what was said, though, when her torpid intellect was awakened, she was legally of sane mind. She was unable to walk, or to assist herself in any way. Her neck hung in such wrinkles, that it might almost be likened to a turkey's; and the skin of her face and of her arms was cleft like the bark of an oak, as rough, and almost of as dark a colour. In this condition, without any apparent suffering, she passed her time in a state between sleeping and waking, fortunate that she could thus beguile the wearisomeness of such an existence. Instances of this kind are much rarer in Europe than in tropical climates. Negroes in the West Indies sometimes attain an age which is seldom ascertained, because it is far beyond living memory. They outlive all voluntary power, and their descendants of the third or fourth generation carry them out of their cabins into the open air, and lay them, like logs, as the season may require, in the sunshine or in the shade. Methinks, if Mæcenas had seen such an object, he would have composed a palinode to those verses in which he has perpetuated his most pitiable love for life. A woman in New Hampshire, North America, had reached the miserable age of 102, when, one day, as some people were visiting her, the bell tolled for a funeral; she burst into tears, and said, "Oh, when will the bell toll for me! It seems as if it never would toll for me! I am afraid that I shall never die!" This reminds me of that I have either read or heard an affecting story of a poor old woman in England—very old, and very poor—who retained her senses long after the body had become a weary burden; she, too, when she heard the bell toll for a funeral, used to weep, and say she was afraid God had forgotten her! These are extreme cases, as rare as they are mournful. Life, indeed, is long enough for what we have to suffer, as well as what we have to learn; but it was wisely said by an old Scottish minister (I wish I knew his name, for this saying ought to have immortalised it), "Time is short; and if your cross is heavy, you have not far to carry it."—*The Doctor.*

[The writer of the above omits one of the chief reasons for not wishing to live to an extreme old age—the total deprivation of all friends and relatives whom we knew in youth or later years. The gradual loss of these, as we become older, is a kind provision for weaning us from a love of an undue length of life.]

#### EFFECTS OF FOOD ON THE FORM AND CHARACTER OF QUADRUPEDS.

Food influences all the external characters of quadrupeds. Without adverting to the different appearance of an ill-fed beast and one which has an abundant supply, we may remark, that the form of the young animal that suffers a deprivation either in the quantity or quality of its food, never becomes perfectly developed either in its bulk or proportions. The integuments of such a one never present the gloss of health, neither is the constitution at large often free from disease; internal congestions take place, and the mesenteric glands frequently become scirrhous. On the contrary, in proportion as the supply within prudent limits is liberal, so is the growth extended, and the form reaches to the standard of the parent. It often also exceeds the parent stock, from the excess of nutritive stimulus applied; and thus horses, oxen, and sheep, brought up in low marshy lands, where the herbage is luxuriant, attain a monstrous size. Horses, in particular, when bred and pastured in the rich flat

lands of Lincolnshire, become expanded in bulk, and it is from such sources that our carriage and heavy troop horses are supplied. To what a degree of monstrosity may not our bacon hogs be fed; and our prize-oxen exhibit the extraordinary powers of food, when forced on an animal, by increasing the supply and restraining the expenditure. It is from our artificial mode of feeding cattle that our markets are now furnished with veal all the year round, and lamb is so common some months before it appeared at the tables of our forefathers.—*Encyclopædia of Rural Sports.*

#### ENGLISH AND IRISH BEGGARS.

You may journey many a mile in England, and the people you will meet are in their manner and deportment so much alike, that they appear, if not members of one family, to have been all educated in the same school. It is otherwise in Ireland; everywhere there is some national characteristic, the ramifications of which are various and numerous. The English pauper is at once bowed down by misery, and murmurs and complains under its endurance from first to last. The Irish beggar wrestles with distress; he can exist upon so little food as to seem almost able to live without it; but he cannot do without his jest; there are moments when the heart beats lightly even in his starving bosom. The poverty of the English, except at stated times, is sullen; the poverty of the Irish is garrulous: the Englishman takes relief as a right; the Irishman accepts it as a boon. You may aid half a dozen English paupers without receiving thanks; you cannot relieve an Irish beggar without being paid in blessings.—*Hall's Ireland.*

#### DEACONS OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

In the days of Bailie Nicol Jarvie's father, the office of deacon [chairman of a corporation of tradesmen] was esteemed no mean distinction. Two worthy incumbents, who fretted their little hour upon a stage not far from the banks of the Ayr, happened to be invested with the above-named dignity on the same day. The more youthful of the two flew home to tell his young wife what an important prop of the civic edifice he had been allowed to become; and searching the "but and ben" in vain, ran out to the byre, where, meeting the cow, he could no longer contain his joy, but, in the fullness of his heart, clasped her round the neck, and it is even said, kissed her, exclaiming, "Oh, crummie, crummie, ye're nae langer a common cow—ye're the deacon's cow!" The elder civic dignitary was a sedate pious person, and felt rather "blate" in showing to his wife that he was uplifted above this world's honours. As he thought, however, it was too good a piece of news to allow her to remain any time ignorant of, he lifted the latch of his own door, and stretching his head inwards, "Nelly!" said he, in a voice that made Nelly all ears and eyes, "gif ony body comes spierin' for the deacon, I'm just owre the gate at John Tamson's!"—*Ayr Advertiser.*

#### WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN?

By the appellation of a gentleman, it is not meant to draw a line that would be invidious between high and low, rank and subordination, riches and poverty. The distinction is in the mind. Whoever is open, loyal, and true—whoever is of humane and affable demeanour—whoever is honourable in himself, and in his judgment of others, and requires no law but his word to make him fulfil an engagement, such a man is a gentleman, and such a man may be found among the tillers of the earth. High birth and distinction, however, for the most part, ensure the high sentiment which is denied to poverty and lower professions. It is hence, and hence only, that the great claim their superiority; and hence what has been so beautifully said of honour, the law of kings, is no more than true. It aids and strengthens virtue where it meets her, and imitates her actions where she is not.—*Book of Thought.*

#### MAKING A MYSTERY OF NOTHING.

There are minds so habituated to intrigue and mystery in themselves, and so prone to expect it from others, that they will never accept of a plain reason for a plain fact, if it be possible to devise causes for it that are obscure, far-fetched, and usually not worth the carriage. Like the miser of Berkshire, who would ruin a good horse to escape a turnpike, so these gentlemen ride their high-bred theories to death, in order to come at truth, through bypaths, lanes, and alleys; while she herself is jogging quietly along upon the high and beaten road of common sense. The consequence is, that those who take this mode of arriving at truth, are sometimes before her, and sometimes behind her, but very seldom with her. Thus, the great statesman who relates the conspiracy against Doria, pauses to deliberate upon, and minutely to scrutinise into divers and sundry errors committed, and opportunities neglected, whereby he would wish to account for the total failure of that spirited enterprise. But the plain fact was, that the scheme had been so well planned and digested, that it was victorious in every point of its operation, both on the sea and on the shore, in the harbour of Genoa no less than in the city, until that most unlucky accident befell the Count de Fiesque, who was the very life and soul of the conspiracy. In stepping from one galley to another, the plank on which he stood upset, and he fell into the sea. His armour happened to be very heavy, the night to be very dark, the water to be very deep, and the bottom to be very muddy. And it is another plain fact, that water, in all such cases, happens to make no distinction whatever between a conqueror and a cut.—*Lacon.*

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